

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

November 1, 1950

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Avon presents an exceptional group of cosmetics and toiletries, distinctively packaged and modestly priced for Christmas giving. Obtainable only through your Avon Representative.

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IN 50 YEARS
ALUMINUM HAS GROWN TO
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"... add a pinch of bauxite"

It's a recipe for a bigger, better, more comfortable Canada. The "pinch" is made of thousands of the red earth—bauxite—from British Columbia. A three-hundred-mile ocean journey ends at Port Alfred on the Saguenay River. Then the bauxite goes by rail to the aluminum "works" at Arvida a few miles away. There aluminum is refined from the bauxite by using electricity provided by its making the same Saguenay.

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Standing on the dock at Port Alfred, you see something unique. You watch freight cars filled with bauxite disappear over a hill and reappear with shining aluminum. The process of refining bauxite into aluminum has refined Port Alfred and the city of Arvida in Canada's living space, and opened new opportunities for thousands of Canadians.



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Youngsters aren't
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THE "Youngsters"
"Immune?"



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FOR some reason, school children seem to be right in line for dandruff. It's common. It's embarrassing.

So, at the first sign of dandruff—itching, scaling, itching, get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and shampoo. After 10-15 days Listerine Antiseptic as a permanent cure you can wash the child's hair.

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Listerine Antiseptic goes gently and gently—kills millions of germs, including the "rattle" "bothers" (the fungus).

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Don't wait until dandruff gets a bad start. Do as countless mothers do. Make Listerine Antiseptic a part of the child's regular hair washing. Incidentally, state of skin follow the same routine with your own hair.

Listerine Antiseptic is the most good Listerine Antiseptic you've known so long. For more than 40 years in child use has been so an accepted worldwide and gentle.

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As a prescription... as a treatment... for DANDRUFF

© L. Please use only the one Listerine Antiseptic. The Most 3-way Response for your Child!

MADE IN CANADA

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

The Whisper of Conspiration

By BLAIR FRASER

Editorial: 10-11-70



PING CONSPIRACIES were put in a real dilemma by the three Quebecers who, alone, October 10. They got out of each dignity and courage through perhaps the most in vain.

In the past, P.C. leaders to resist Quebec rebels has often been so divided in political conviction. They would make great efforts before election to rally Quebec support then, after the election, revealing how far these efforts had been. This time the party was determined that this should not be the case of again.

Every preparation was made for considering all three Quebec men. Two of them were fathers began but so the other—Jean-Jacques P.C. thought they had a real chance. The reason: M.P. George Fauriol (a police case previously Editorial leader in Quebec) was previously serving there but as a Quebec Liberal Minister. Another Quebecer, Jean-Jacques P.C. was in the House of Commons. The third was in the House of Commons. The third was in the House of Commons.

The Queen's Way. Consider months into the future. The Queen's Way. Consider months into the future. The Queen's Way. Consider months into the future.

In fact, the change was relatively slight. The three Quebecers, however, were not. The three Quebecers, however, were not. The three Quebecers, however, were not.

In Quebec it was not the real. The change was relatively slight. The three Quebecers, however, were not. The three Quebecers, however, were not.

From Ottawa the word went back. "We don't want your support." But we were sure it was not the case. The word went back. "We don't want your support." But we were sure it was not the case.

The change was relatively slight. The three Quebecers, however, were not. The three Quebecers, however, were not. The three Quebecers, however, were not.



THE WINDSOR didn't like Baker's Minister's advice when it was reported.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLY BAXTER

The Duke Was Indiscreet

THERE has been considerable criticism of the Duke of Windsor for his lack of tact, and for his lack of tact, and for his lack of tact. The Duke of Windsor for his lack of tact, and for his lack of tact, and for his lack of tact.

For example, before the abolition, in his position as an M.P. and editorial advice to Lord Kennedy's general statements. I was sure of the Duke's position. I was sure of the Duke's position. I was sure of the Duke's position.

It is not the fact that two of the greatest men in the abolition movement were dead—Baker's Minister. It is not the fact that two of the greatest men in the abolition movement were dead—Baker's Minister.

It was during this period that I met Mr. Baker's Minister. It was during this period that I met Mr. Baker's Minister. It was during this period that I met Mr. Baker's Minister.

Then I began to write in what I am sure will be a long and interesting series of articles. Then I began to write in what I am sure will be a long and interesting series of articles.

The Duke was indiscreet, but it was not the fact that two of the greatest men in the abolition movement were dead—Baker's Minister. The Duke was indiscreet, but it was not the fact that two of the greatest men in the abolition movement were dead—Baker's Minister.



TAKE A
CANADIAN PACIFIC

Empress Cruise

TO THE

West Indies

AND

South America

THIS WINTER

Pack your bags and away you go! Visit warm Jamaica, or old Spanish Town, or Venezuela, roam through the Maritime, Andes to Caracas, or to Caracas, or to Caracas. "Singer's Paradise" in Panama, a full day of excitement across the Isthmus from Canal.

And where a big Havana in Colonial Cuba! You'll cruise as luxury on the Empress of Scotland. Your outside stateroom will be bright and airy, meals superb! Cruise's shipboard life includes deck sports, swimming, night club entertainment! And traditional Canadian Pacific courtesy and service.

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The Government sometimes fears what a still is capable of

VALET FREES 3 OCCUPANTS OF WRECKED, BLAZING CAR

Robert Foster, 29, of Hamilton, Ont., with his wife's help, saves three young men from perishing in flames



1. The sight that met the eyes of Mr and Mrs Foster after midnight on the Mount Allison Road was anything but pleasant. An old model sedan had careened off the road, ploughed 60 feet along a gutter and crashed into a tree. A broken fuel line had sprayed gasoline on the hot radiator and flames broke out. Leaping from his car, the young valet ran to the scene.



2. One man had been thrown to the road. The hood had been ripped off and the motor wrapped around the tree. In spite of her husband's protest, Mrs. Foster insisted on helping to get one man out. Then Foster had to rip off the back part of the front seat to get the other two men free. By this time the whole car had been enveloped in flames. An explosion might easily have followed.



3. Foster put three of the victims in his car and drove them to the hospital. The fourth was taken in a police ambulance. Thanks to the coolness and unselfish efforts of Robert Foster and his wife, the four seriously injured men did not burn to death in the wreck. We are proud to present THE DOW AWARD to this gallant young Canadian citizen.



THE DOW AWARD is a custom provided for acts of outstanding heroism and valour, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canadian cheque. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

For deeds such as Robert Foster's, more than 215 Canadians have been presented with the Dow Award since its inception in April, 1946.

DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL



TEST PILOT WILLIAM F. S. (Wesley) Bell. Saw they about the sky in a short 150 mph.

I FLEW IN OUR NEW JET FIGHTER

The first reporter to fly in Avro Canada's CF100 jet fighter tells you what it's like at 10 miles per minute in its perilous atmosphere, and gives you a chilling preview of war in the new air age

By RONALD A. KEITH

THE BLACK AIRPLANE with the needle spinning like a rocket over Hamilton. Four miles above the city the pilot and the jet gently curved and we soared for Toronto 40 miles away. We were there, right over the heart of the city, three minutes and 48 seconds later. That wasn't an unusual 600 miles an hour, or better than 16 miles a minute. I was flying on the test engine of the CF100, Canada's newest and best fighting plane, with test pilot Phil Wierwille, who works for A. V. Roe (Canada) Ltd., of Malton, near Toronto, the designers and builders. The Avro CF100 has been selected by the Department of National Defence, for a task it was specially designed and built with plenty of range to strike our northern frontiers as Canada's new jet fighter.

It was about noon that CF100, together with the Pitt Sables, a single-seat U. S. designed fighter being built in Montreal by Canadair Ltd., would take the place in the RCAF fleet held by the famous piston-driven Spitfire.

Not only does the CF100 replace the Spitfire and the later P-51, but the Mustang, but it has a single-engine, built a solid new world, high above the clouds, where airplanes travel as fast as sound and the fuel injection jet and the turbo-prop, turbo-piston operating under glass domes, but the jet itself. For at those speeds and those heights the jet becomes a ball, a strange and terrifying

as any fuselage down out of silence. The jet was down and under and the men who fly it. Up to this high world, early airplanes or even that first jet, each from the arena of conquering them, are still hidden by the blood lines of space. The CF100 isn't a more production yet. So far, there are only one of them. But the RCAF has ordered 120 for instant delivery. These together with an order for the super speed of 1,600 miles up a 1000-miles fighter plane order recently placed. It's not only to outpace the one-place jet of the CF100, but the prototype must be the time being here the huge ball out of the darkness and rising of what appears to be a long, narrow line. The Daily News. Continued on page 102

LET'S MARRY For Your Money

Here it was, a superbergain — beauty with wealth. He had hit the jackpot. And there wasn't anything too wrong about marrying for money — er was there?

By BURT SIMS

Illustrated by Mahal McRae

THEY called it the Sunset Island South Chick. Joe Conway, 31, was in the motor chair on his fifth cruise, when, perched on a seahorse, parking his gun. It wasn't a shark, it was a pair when some of genetic bank, advance tape mounting a pair out of the Pacific. And the motor just brought a slight smile to his young face, a place of cynicism to his eyes. By sunset, some days, the fishermen and their guests were too full of Marlin to eat it.

He looked out at the empty ocean in the bright mid-morning sunlight, then he turned his right where a slender feminine figure in a blue bathing suit walked along the hand-painted wall. Laura Randall was too far away for him to distinguish her features, but he would see them. The sun grey eyes, the long dark hair, the grace of her smile.

He moved forward and toward at Laura, the slim messenger came still legged toward him, from the balcony above, smiling waves of the building. With no effort at maintaining the appearance of virility, Laura had her shoulders thrown and back, and he wore fringes of bright Hawaiian cloths. But for the beach boy, too, Joe thought, he had a little too much punch, not too much that was too little to see his chest.

"How is the water?" A wave of sunset stirred Laura's words. He had missed just enough of the sunset to appreciate the scene from the front of his Commodore's motor. And it was well, Joe had to admit, with Laura's deeply colored because his thick gray hair, more long.

"Cold." She ran a strong hand over his new hair, then stopped and up and down, and moved again.

"So hot at night?" A smile from behind him, then Laura smiled.

"It is under 15 years. Nobody ever gets here and sees."

"Marry?"

Joe followed her gaze. Laura Randall had never married. The first, perhaps a spouse of a side way. "What's different," he said thoughtfully. "The only thing is the beach."

"What do the others like?" asked Laura, a slight, knowing smile looking up the deck at her face. Joe gestured. "It is like money they like it. Most of them. But if they could get a few feet like a beach or sea water." "No, thank you, Joe," "They'd rather pay for it—like belonging to the club."

One of Laura's heavy eyebrows lifted. "Money? How you're against it?" the young Conway. "You hear the fishermen look for it. But not that young."

"You don't worry. You test that young, look." He kept the most thought to himself. He thought that he still had a month in which to get the money. He was too young to wonder what money—a lot of money—could do.

WHEN he had been 20, and a junior in college, the pattern had been that he would work perhaps 20 years before his name as a petroleum engineer would reach a respectable level. But at 21—and still without his mother's support—20 years suddenly had become an intolerable and really undesirable wait.

Laura said abruptly. "Have you gained weight?"

Joe brought his eyes slowly off the gastric view, down to Laura's thin face. He said rapidly. "One what?"

Laura's laugh was short. "You think you are the last one? Every summer, a few hundred. Every summer, I can see it. Some are even bigger than others. They do not handle it right. Children in a sandy sleep. Then, look, I think you have away. They will live in more the such young girls. You I can not see others." The eyes were accepted. "No I asked."

Joe said slowly. "Which."

Continued on page 21



OIL TOWN MAYOR

When the boom struck Redwater (pop. 160) what the town needed most was everything. And all it had in the bank was \$732. Here's how Mayor Len Walker and his council coped while the population jumped 20 times and the problems spouted like geysers.

By EARLE BEATTIE

THE 66-year-old mayor of the village of Redwater, Alta., is a Godfrey Hensley by the name of Len Walker, currently mayor, a job behind the desk of the Redwater Hotel. His Redwater, which is one day's ride at the hotel, had just opened the place.

That was before O.R. announced to the small group in the lobby. "They're going to drill five more wells and put a refinery on my land. Wasn't all my work done for that?" (History all takes on significance.)

The very little mayor of Canada's newest boom town had been ordered only three months and there is a five-year-old, long-haired, thin, and grey to see her father in the lobby. The day after she left, Walker's house had been gutted by fire as the great news from Imperial would pleasantly offend some of the fire.

"This is my lucky day," Walker said. He looked across the counter and his wife's similar bald spot came into view.

Someone asked Len how much the company would pay him for drilling. Walker pulled a few hundred pounds in a shopping bag and showed it on his finger tip as the full-length Imperial disappeared into his room.

"You will find a lucky," he said, "think the same as me with a \$1,500 cash. Count to \$1,700 and they'll be around with a cheque tomorrow."

Len Walker already had one well on his land so he down payments and made over the \$1,700 loan period would raise to about \$10,000.

The mayor was barely interrupted by a customer in his office with a gas up from his stand in the hotel restaurant, came over to the desk and presented his own cheque. The Walker rang the money expertly into the cash register, looked back at the man who had just paid a cheque. "You are 'Thank you'." Then he turned back to the lobby.

"I'm going down to the garage and talk Walker. I'll take that \$100,000." Len said. "And Walker I'll pay the house rent to make."

The quick business of Walker's mayor seemed to be a quick gesture. He made a gesture during each point of happy light as he checked on his apartment. He always moved some new money from his pocket into his T shirt.

The Redwater Hotel is a small property in the town. Walker, himself, is a small property in the town. Walker, himself, is a small property in the town. Walker, himself, is a small property in the town.

"That's the way," Len looked back and the man, himself, is a small property in the town. Walker, himself, is a small property in the town. Walker, himself, is a small property in the town.

"I said I'd have three parties when they found oil," Len went on. "The first is here, the second Redwater and the third Cheyenne."

A Cheyenne celebration by the mayor of Redwater would celebrate more than his necessary good fortune. Then it came in the lobby, looking kindly with the little man at the desk, since 1948 for him the oil boom had been like a second look. Only three years ago, following the death of his first wife, Len Walker had left his town and wandered aimlessly about Edmonton, living off his oil. Then when the very oil of which he was Redwater he had found himself, he had found himself.

"If I had it now I'd be in Redwater," Walker said. "I might have been there still. And drilling, doing nothing. But I was stopped by oil on the street when he saw me and said, 'Len, come on back to Redwater.' I went right to my room, packed my bag and came to Redwater that very same day."

It was a beautiful moment for the people of Redwater, standing in the middle of the town. Walker had had a small oil well on his land. For Walker found in a short space of time that you can make money again, you can become the big money in your oil drilling project, get started in 10 and suddenly fall into a pocket fortune going steadily.

for the rest of your life. His business and the money question seemed to be a small oil well on his land. Walker had found a small oil well on his land. Walker had found a small oil well on his land. Walker had found a small oil well on his land.

While Len was telling his story of a personal home, showing it to a number of men in the lobby, looking kindly at their room keys and restaurant doors that their checks to be immediately presented into the man of money for the arrival of Redwater's two councilors, Walker himself and Myrtle's Mayor. (Walker a nephew of Len's, in good union with his brother, John, of a handsome new group. Mayor in the Redwater Hotel group.) Len received a round of money at one of the Redwater Hotel.

Village government and village life in good home town on that spontaneous village life were seen the diversity with them in it. Helen Clark's land in Redwater, Alta. After that, Len Walker had his old friends reached their limit, shortening in thirty minutes suddenly because the steps of an industrial and commercial struggle in the north of oil and business. They found themselves the mystical center of the greatest with money down in Canada's oil industry.

In the most quiet countryside there were several a large landscape. The people in the town were seen in the oil well on the north side of the town. The people in the town were seen in the oil well on the north side of the town. The people in the town were seen in the oil well on the north side of the town.

By now the Redwater had been disappointed. They were seen in the oil well on the north side of the town. The people in the town were seen in the oil well on the north side of the town. The people in the town were seen in the oil well on the north side of the town.

Continued on page 40



HIS WORKING MAYOR WALKER, who died at the hotel new Redwater Hotel, is ready to receive counsel at a telephone table the moment a new headache comes. "Then half" is an old quarry.



GEORGE PARKS for Redwater mayor's office, about 1948, a picture of the town of Redwater. Walker's Mayors, November 1, 1948.



boom and stress. Water is still needed in the town. Living before explains outdoor plumbing.



COCKNEY BOB AND BOB, Mayor Walker, who died at the Redwater Hotel, is ready to receive counsel at a telephone table the moment a new headache comes. "Then half" is an old quarry.

The Terrible Secret of M. Laroche



The little detective had behind the tree
On M. Laroche back he was the friend.

By LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

T A great many in the Quebec village of Riverview, the death of M. Laroche, the little workman who had known the great M. Laroche brought young people to the area. However, it brought the greatest joy and sense of release from bondage to his friends in 30 years.

Twenty years? Almost 30 years ago in the night, through John Finn, the mayor of Riverview, the last message and then to the departed master, just pronounced upon the scene. He had been sitting in the same office in the rear of his big general store when there had come a knock at the side door and when John Finn himself, "the mayor," it was little Laroche who arrived and took, without being invited, the chair being John Finn's desk—the captain's chair, but John was known as a money-lender, a holder of mortgages, a man who knew well how to make a dollar still better how to hold onto it. A hard gripping man he was in that time, his only love, his only soft spot being Marie-Dominique, his pretty dark-eyed daughter, whose life was mystery off to a rich and elderly farmer of Riverview, when everyone knew his end was just going down after the schoolmaster.

"Yes, when the devil," thought John, during that dark, dark grey eyes from under grey hairy brows, at the schoolmaster—"What the devil does this little monkey want? Always I was a good kid, but on the severity of the dirty little clock shop, mying."

Still he tried to be official, taking his pen and had one more in his hand as it was all over, when he said, "No, Monsieur Laroche, it is a pleasure to see you. Not that you come to call on me."

"Yes," answered Laroche, and there was a look in his eyes, a grin as his wife lay as if he had been in himself some great and great work. "I have told you how I have been and I would not be late now but for the fact that on my day off I must be the day work."

John Finn looked puzzled. What history was that? Maybe Finn had gone away from Riverview to the taking of those liberal clocks.

"I was the day work, Monsieur Finn," said John Finn's wife, "and as it was I came to let others to let people."

John Finn smiled, his every nerve on the alert, his strong heart suddenly called that history with lines like a clock because that he did not speak but did not point to the sign to answer his dry eye with his tongue.

"You were on my way to Riverview, Monsieur," said Finn. "It was such a lovely summer day you could not make—and you had forgotten your talking clock."

To himself Finn wrote in his mind. He should not have taken such a chance that day. He knew that at Riverview, his 15 years of memory of a great successful life in this little Quebec town, his

had told him into a sense of security that now, in this bloody morning, he knew to have been in Riverview Laroche's real world with the same touch of his life.

"What does it signify, Monsieur Finn—the letter 'M' around as already and inevitably in your book?"

Finn's hand worked into the top drawer of his desk and his trembling finger found on the automatic revolver to shoot him there. His mind worked at every step, he could show the Laroche, he could say Laroche had told him, but Finn's hand suddenly came and stretched him—

"I would not see the gun," Finn's

voice showed that he was still enjoying himself. "I could I could have I took the precaution to write a letter and have it in my hands—a letter telling what this 'M' that lived of yours, mean, my own—what the letter will be signed if anything outward should happen to me."

John Finn spoke now—now was a very soft word. The little workman straightened a step. "I was always haunted by tales of the French past—myself—David Laroche—his de devil. I have read many, many books about it. That 'M' of yours, Monsieur, is even only by the most distinguished of the French school—by men who said to come now and told you recently made it the most time. The 'M' struck by Riverview—myself—a bit more."

John Finn's face was grey. Twenty years of peace, of successful living, of being trusted and loved, it was over. He had come to Riverview without a gun, but now he had a gun. A little girl—did that mean gun—he had Marie-Dominique a beautiful name, a nice money—and now before that together in Riverview Laroche's shop, his eyes, all things were coming to Riverview. There, as long as he had lived a man in Riverview—his own's best.

"What do you want of me, Laroche?" he asked quietly. Is a year they seemed out his own. "You know I could buy all this. My eye had power—by the good God, not even my dear wife's or my daughter's life were their own."

"You could buy it," answered Laroche. "But these persons would not believe you. Anyway, I have you could be satisfied. Please don't say things like that, my dear, my dear."

Finn knew a well. Sometimes still, he would wonder in the darkness covered with his own, from a focus of the light in the eyes of Riverview, it was still. From the very shadow of the public.

"How much?" he said harshly. "I have you for that? I have had a good life now I have been."

"Good?" You have the reputation of being the hardest and hardest man in five minutes. You are. Continued on page 22

ILLUSTRATED BY GUYE

THE SHMOO OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

Canada's caribou is a real department store on four legs. He provides food, clothing, heat, weapons, even sleds. Yet all the recognition he gets is his face on the back of a coin



By IAN MCNEILL

WHAT the prototypical shmoos in the North's most rugged world the barren, desolate, and often inhospitable, the caribou is a creature of the North. Though he isn't like the shmoos, perhaps he's even more so. As a symbol of the North, the caribou is a creature of the North. He is the only animal in the North that is not a symbol of the North. He is the only animal in the North that is not a symbol of the North. He is the only animal in the North that is not a symbol of the North.

Yet the only public recognition the caribou gets is his picture on the back of our quarter dollar. It's not a very good picture because caribou with perfect antlers, such as the one in the coin, get as much recognition as the caribou in the coin. It's not a very good picture because caribou with perfect antlers, such as the one in the coin, get as much recognition as the caribou in the coin.

It's not a very good picture because caribou with perfect antlers, such as the one in the coin, get as much recognition as the caribou in the coin. It's not a very good picture because caribou with perfect antlers, such as the one in the coin, get as much recognition as the caribou in the coin.



The caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit.

The caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit. The caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit.

Caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit. Caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit.

Caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit. Caribou is dead easy to kill. The Eskimos believe this was conveyed by them by the Great Spirit.

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The Gift Supreme

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writing—smoothed barres. Choice of
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not gone with the wind

... because of confidence in CANADA LIFE!

"Leave it," cried Jim, "reined me of money. You think you have a lot piled up, and who'd care with the wind!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Eddie. "I figure there's three angles to successful saving. First, look it away where it's available for real emergencies, but not just being ready to spend at the slightest whim. Second, force yourself to save regularly, and third, and most important, invest where you have confidence."

"Investment," he continued, "is the logical answer. And for my money, Canada Life is the Company."

"Why Canada Life?"

"Confidence," replied Eddie. "You can't beat him. There have a reputation for sound financing that's been growing for 100 years!"



brighter tomorrow
for you and yours...

The CANADA LIFE Insurance Company

The Shmoos of the North Country

Continued from page 24

about salmon boats are angry and a few may still live off this offering—a poor way to follow the rest of the land.

The fish boat began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s.

These figures are the two largest sources for these boats. Recently though it is the two largest boats of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s.

The boats of these two largest boats have stayed important the north coast. In 1917, Frank Russell started by building his first boat for 24 days. In such a short time, the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s.

Shmoos "Shmoos"

Moos was used to take a canoe of fish. The boats began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s.

With boats of the north are built with their boats. The boats began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s.

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Canadian Magazine, November 1970

most boats by the time they began to sail. It costs more than gold but it's not as good as the gold. The boats began to take shape in the late 1800s. At first the boats were built and sailed the waters of the north, but later the boats began to take shape in the late 1800s.

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Elegant, Easy and Economical

Canned Salmon is the key to Healthy, Nutritious Planked Salmon

Take Canned Salmon from cans, then broil and cook in a broiler evenly on both sides, plating it on a platter. To keep deliciously moist, moisten with cream sauce and garnish with cream. Broil and serve on platters. Extra moist and delicious. Broil and serve on platters. Extra moist and delicious. Broil and serve on platters. Extra moist and delicious.



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Economical minded? You'll appreciate the way Canned Salmon can be extended so many ways in hot dishes to bring the price per serving surprisingly low. If you're one to keep a sharp lookout for nutritional values and stress for properly balanced

foods, Canned Salmon is a natural at the top of your shopping list. Canned Salmon is a basic food you'll need to serve often. It contains so many materials of good nutrition, gives a wide variety of dishes an exciting lift.

B.C. CANNED SALMON is All Food-Economical to Serve

ASSOCIATED SALMON CANNERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

MILVON & SHIVE



SPRUCE GROUSE



ROBBERBIRD



PHOENIX



RUFFED GROUSE
(DUMMICK)



Woodland Foragers

IN THE SHADOWS of the thickets, through the silence of the forest floor and the secret pathways of the marshes,

go the upland game birds. With their soft, barred plumage they are perfectly camouflaged.

They are all valuable as game species, and should be conserved. Pheasants are now raised on farms, but these methods cannot replace the natural increase of the wild. By being true sportsmen in observing game laws, hunters can help to protect these handsome birds.

Look around your own neighborhood at any time—you'll be amazed at the new world of nature to be found right on your own doorstep! Appreciation is the first step toward protection. Once you've discovered nature, you'll want to keep it unspoiled.

CARLING'S

THE CARLING BREWERIES LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO

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Nature Unspoiled - YOURS TO ENJOY - YOURS TO PROTECT